THE FOVR-LEGG'D ELDER

OR,
A horrible Relation of a Dog and an Elders Maid,

To the Tune of The Lady's fall.

ALL Christians and *Lay-Elders* too
for shame amend your Lives,
I'le tell you of a Dog-trick now,
which much concernes your Wives:
An *Elder's* Maid neare *Temple-Barre*
(ah what a Queane was she)
Did take an ougly Mastive Curre
where Christians use to be;
Help House of Commons, House of Peeres,
oh now or never help,
Th' Assembly hath not sate four yeares,
yet hath brought forth a Whelp.

One Evening late she stept aside,
pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made her selfe a Bride
to one that had foure leggs:
Her Master heard a rumblement,
and wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)
his Dog would ever marry:
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c

He went to peep, but was affraid
and hastily did run
To fetch a Staffe to helpe his Maid,
not knowing what was done,
He tooke his Ruling *Elders* Cane,
and cry'd out helpe, helpe here,
For *Swash* our Mastive and poore *Jane*
are now fight Dog fight Beare.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c

But when he came he was full sorry,
for he perceiv'd their strife,
That 'cording to the *Directory*
they two were Dog and Wife:
Oh (then said he) thou errant queane,
why hast thou me beguil'd,
I wonderd *Swash* was growne so leane,
poore Dog hee's almost spoyl'd.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

I thought thou hadst no carnall sence
but what's in other Lasses,
And could have quench'd thy cupiscence
according to the *Classes*,

But all the Parish set it plaine
since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an *Independent* queane,
and lov'st a *Conventicle*.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue
will all the World perswade
That she that's Spouse unto a Dog
may be an *Elders* Maid,
They'l jeere us it abroad we stirre,
good Master *Elder* stay,
Sir, of what *Classis* is your Curre?
and then what can we say?
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

They'l many graceless Ballads sing
of a *Presbyterian*,
That a *Lay-Elder* is a thing
made up halfe Dog halfe Man;
Out, out, said he, and smote her downe,
was mankind growne so leane,
There's scarce another Dog in towne
had tooke the *Covenant*.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

Then *Swash* began to looke full grim,
and *Jane* did thus reply, (him,
Sir, you thought nought too good for
you fed your Dog too high,
Tis true, he tooke me in the lurch,
and leapt into my arme,
But as I hope to come to Church
I did your Dog no harme.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

Then she was brought to *Newgate* gaole
and there was naked stript,
They whipt her till the cord did faile,
as Doggs use to be whipt;
Poore City Maids shed many a teare
when she was lash'd and hang'd,
And had she bin a *Cavalier*
surely she had been hang'd,
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres,

Her's was but *Fornication* doomd,
for which she felt the lash,
But his was *Buggary* presumd,
therefore they hanged *Swash*:
What had become of *Bishops* then,
or *Independency*,
For now we find both Doggs and Men
stand for *Presbytery*.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres &c.

She might have tooke a *Sowgelder*
with *Synod-men* good store,
But she would have a *Lay-Elder*
with two leggs and two more:
Go tell th' *Assembly* of Divines,
tell *Adoniram* Blew,
Tell *Burgesse, Marshall, Case*, and *Vines*,
tell *Now and-anon-too*.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

Some said she was a *Scotish* Girle,
or else (at least) a Witch,
But she was borne in *Colchester*,
was ever such a Bitch!
Take heed all Christian Virgins now,
the *Dog-star* now prevailes,
Ladies beware your Monkeys too,
for Monkeys have long tailes.
Oh house of Commons, house of Peeres, &c.

Blesse *King* & *Queen* and send us peace
as we had seven yeares since,
For we remember no *Dog-dayes*
while we enjoy'd our Prince:
Blesse sweet Prince *Charles*, two *Dukes*, three Girles,
Lord save His *Majestie*,
Grant that his *Commons, Lords* & *Earles*
may lead such Lives as *He*.
Oh House of Commons, House of Peeres,
Oh now or never helpe,
Th' Assembly hath not sate four yeares,
yet hath brought forth a Whelp.

FINIS.